

Dora

Dora steals across the floor
 Tiptoe;
Opens then her rosy door,
 Peeps out.
'Nobody! And where shall I
 Skip to?'
Dora, diving daintily,
 Creeps out.

'To the woodland! Shall I find
 Crowtoe,
Violet, jessamine! I'll bind
 Garlands
Fancy I'm a princess. Where
 Go to?
Persia, China, Finistere?
 Far lands!'

Pity Dora! Only one
 Daisy
Did she find. The sulking sun
 Slept still.
Dora stamped her foot. Aurora
 Lazy
Stirred not. Hush! A footstep. Dora
 Kept still.

What a dreadful monster! Shoot!
 Mercy!
(’Twas a man.) Suppose the brute
 Ate her?
By-and-by the ruffian grows
 ‘Percy.’
And she loves him now she knows
 Better.

ALEISTER CROWLEY